

Tuesday Morning

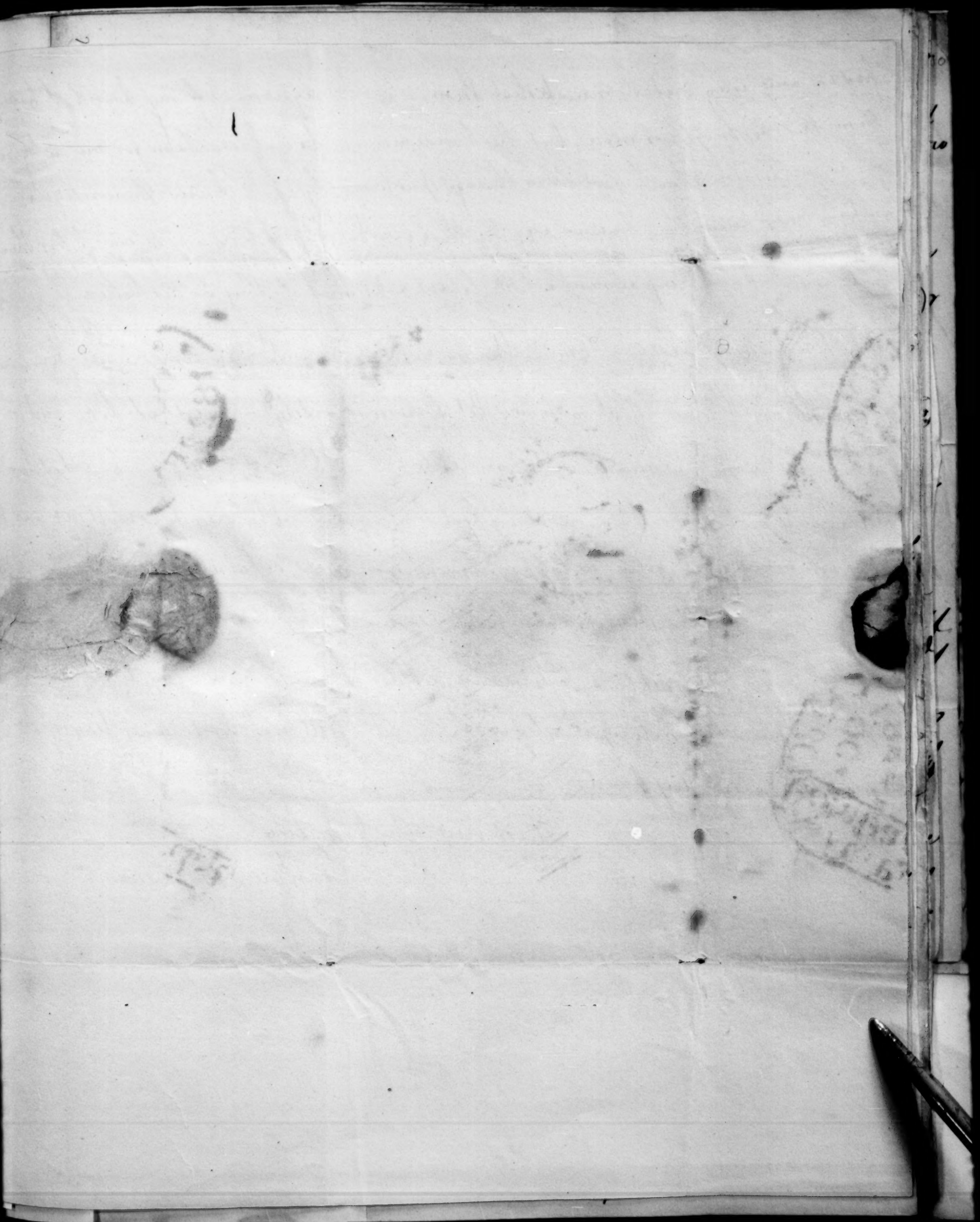
Oct. 17 1822

My dear Fanny

I should have written to you some time ago but I have had a bad hand from a gentle bite given me by my dog - even now I am not sure you will be able to read what I have written for my hand is so thick up that I can scarcely make use of the pen, however you must try - I am quite in despair about my pigeons, I believe they are the most refractory pair in the kingdom - they never lay more than one egg and never make any thing of that - After the one I told you they had quarrelled with, they had another which they broke immediately - again about a week back they laid one which untill last night they sat on with great care, but this morning it was found pushed out of the nest like the first and cracked so awfully that they performed the operation. I mention its being cracked because that might be the reason they would not hatch it - It is supposed they must have had a matrimonial quarrel in the middle of the night for a great scream was heard at that time by my mother from one of them after which all was quiet - Now in applying to you to know whether you can account for it I consider I am taking counsel's opinion on the subject so I say give it with all due gravity - I must just add that I am pretty certain no one

had in any way touched or molested them — in consequence of my hand I have ^{not} ~~not~~ ^{myself} touched them this fortnight or more, but the housemaid who has done them for me, is by no means a person to touch forbidden things particularly as she knew the consequences and we only knew they had an egg by this constantly setting. — so much for them I will try them in confinement a little longer, after that if they do no better they shall be left to themselves — Mrs Lister is returned and next time I ^{call to} see you I shall bring ~~her~~ if I know of it in time. Mr Brown is safely arrived at Pisa and in spite of his vow has made an acquaintance with Lord Byron. He liked him very much — I have been reading Gil Blas again and I like it as well as ever, but I do not wonder at your disappointment for it is so totally different from the Quixote and wants the romantic parts so much besides shewing so much of the worst part of the world that to many people it must be a very disagreeable book. I remember hating it at first — I will not write any longer for fear of straining my hand

yours very affectionately
Francis Browne



28 Oct '22

Q

Miss Keats

Richard Atchey Esq

Walthamstow

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